THE GARLAND OF LOVES Craftineſs:

In Four PARTS.

BRITISH MUSEUM

PART I. How a King begond Sea courted his Daughter for Marriage: threatning her with Death, if she would not yield.

PART II. The Lady's Craftineſs to be conveyed over Sea in a Golden Bull, to the Prince whom she loved.

PART III. How her Love came to be made known to the young Prince.

PART IV. How her Death was contrived by three Ladies in her Love's Abſence; and how she was preſerved by Providence, and ſoon after was married to the young Prince. Concluding with other things worthy of Note

Licens'd according to Order.

London: Printed by and for T. Norris, at the Looking-Glaſs on London-bridge

The Garland of *Love's Craftiness.*

PART. 1. Tune of, *To little or no purpose.*

COme listen young Lovers a while, and you'll find
That Crosses attends often two Lovers kind;
The like in all Ages was never in Print:
No doubt but my Story will give you Content.
It is of a great King, if I must be plain,
Who formerly did in the Southern Parts Reign;
He had no more Children than one Daughter bright,
She pleased her Father, and was his Delight.
A Neighbouring Prince came a Visit to pay,
It being their usual Custom, as they say.
Love Wounded the Princess so deep in her Heart,
That she was much troubled when he did depart.
It seem'd to her Father she ne'er told her Mind;
Neither to the young Prince, tho' she was confin'd
To Love him, for Cupid was Sharp and Severe.
What afterwards happen'd, you briefly shall hear:
She being so Beautiful, Charming and Young,
Her old Father said, with a deluding Tongue;
Love, I have a Fancy to marry with thee,
Tho' thou art my Child, yet thy Looks charmeth me.
Dear honoured Father, the Princess reply'd,
Sure you are in Jest? No, I am not, he cry'd,
Alas! My dear Father, what makes you talk so,
Such Things are Forbidden in *Scripture* you know.
While God gives me Breath, and indues me with
I'll Act a Child's Duty, as it is my Part Grace,

He

He ſaid, I'm reſolved to make thee my Wife,
Or elſe thy ſweet Charms will bereave me of Life.
The Lady burſt into a Million of Tears,
And ſaid, Honoured Father, you're well ſtruct in years,
You can have but ſhort time on Earth to remain.
'Tis Satan's Temptations puts this in your Brain.
Prepare for your End, as your ſtrength does decay,
And drive all the Thoughts of the Devil away:
Let not ſuch vain Fancies come into your Head,
That your Soul may Live, when your Carcaſs is Dead.
True Love to my Father I bear from my Heart,
And will be Obedient in every Part;
But rather than have you, i'll chuſe for to Die;
So talk no more of it, Dear Father, O fie!
Dear Child, thou art like the ſweet Innocent Dove,
Yet thy charming Beauty confines me to Love;
Except thou will have me, thy Life I will take,
And afterwards Murder Myſelf for thy ſake.

PART II.

TO the Second Part give attention I pray,
Which ſhows how the Lady contrived a Way
To ſun her old Father, by nice crafty Skill,
Saying, Give me four Things, and your Mind i'll fulfil.
He ſaid, My dear Jewel, your Will you ſhall have,
In any thing you can Deſire or crave.
They were four hard Queſtions you may well ſuppoſe.
The firſt three ſhe named were three Suits of Cloaths.
The firſt Suit reſembling the Stars in the Skies,
The next of the Clouds, that before the Wind flies;
The third is a Garment moſt Coſtly and Rare,
Of every Bird that does fly in the Air.
The other thing that I to ask, (will preſume)
Is a Golden Bull for to ſtand in my Room.

I will get them for you, my Jewel, he ſaid,
If poſſible, all theſe fine Things can be made.
Then about the Country his Nobles he ſent,
To get all theſe fine Things which ſhe did Invent.
They got theſe 3 Suits made, and rid back with ſpeed.
But ſeeing the Cloaths then, ſhe wonder'd indeed.
Her Father ſaid, Love, I have bought you your Cloaths,
And i'll get the Bull for my amorous Roſe.
Then he made a Bargain with one as they ſay,
To get this Bull made without longer delay.
Then unto this Gold-ſmith the Lady ſhe went,
And privately told him her crafty Intent:
Beſure make it hollow, and fit to hold me,
With a Door and three Bolts within let there be:
Pray do it Ingenious, I charge you once more,
That no one may find out there is any Door.
He ſaid, Worthy Lady, i'll do it ſecure,
That no one may find out the Trick to be ſure.
When the Bull was made, ſhe appointed the Day,
With him to be joyn'd, as the Story do ſay:
He went t'wards the Chappel with her for to Wed,
But ſhe had a comical Trick in her Head.
When come near the Chappel, her Father to ſun,
She ſaid, Pray excuſe me, for back I muſt run,
For to fetch a Thing, that I cann't do without.
This put her old Father in great Fear and Doubt;
He ſaid, My dear Jewel, I am loth for to truſt
You for to go ack now: She ſaid, But I muſt;
And if I return not, next time you ſee me,
Freely will give you leave to Murder me.
Then he gave her leave, and in haſt back ſhe went,
But he little thought of her crafty Intent.
She ſhut her ſelf faſt in the Bull, and lay ſtill
Safe And ſecure as a Thief in a Mill.

Her old Father waited two Hours and more,
And finding she came not, in Passion he swore.
Then about the Court he Enquiry made,
But no one could tell where his Daughter was fled.
My Impudent Daughter has funn'd me I see:
The Prince that was here, sent choice Presents to me;
Therefore to requite him, I now do approve
To send him this Bull as a present in *Love*.

PART III.

HE sent it a Board then with diligent Care,
But ne'er thought his *beautful daughter was there*;
She carry'd choice Sweet-meats for her Nourishment.
At last they arriv'd where this Present was sent.
This Prince like the Present, and gave a Command
That this Golden Bull in his Chamber should stand,
That he might well view it each Day I declare;
But little did Dream that a Lady was there.
Quite out of the Bull in the Night she did creep,
And kiss'd the young Prince as he lay fast asleep;
She left a rich Neckcloath imbroder'd with Gold,
Which he on his Pillow next Day did behold.
This Prince had a Mother, to whom he did say,
Who did you let into my Chamber, I pray?
Son, there has been none, I do Vow and Protest.
He lock'd up the Neckcloath, and laugh'd at the Jest.
Next Night as the Prince lay asleep, to be plain,
This Lady crept softly and kiss'd him again;
Next Morning a Handkerchief he did behold,
Imbroder'd with all Sorts of Flowers in Gold.
He said to his Mother, I pray tell me right,
What Lady has been in my Chamber this Night.
Dear Son, you have very strange Whimsies I find:
He took little Notice, but ponder'd in Mind.
What Lady this is, I will be satisfy'd,
If it be for *Love*, I will make her my Bride;

I'll ſee for a Fancy, who comes in my Room,
But if ſhe's a Harlot, Death ſhall be her Doom.
At Night ſhe crept ſoftly, and kiſs'd him 'tis ſaid
And a Velvet Cap by his Pillow ſhe laid.
His thoughts then was raviſhed ſo with her Charms,
That he of a ſudden catch'd her in his Arms.
With trembling Fear, ſhe her Joynts could not hold
And craved his Pardon for being ſo bold.
His Anſwer was ſtraight, I grant Pardon to thee,
But I do deſire to know who you be. [were
She told him her Name, and whoſe Daughter ſh
And that *Love* had cauſed her for to come there.
He ſaid, My dear *Love*, as you ventur'd for me,
To croſs the wide Ocean, my Bride thou ſhalt be.
No doubt but this Couple had Pleaſure that Night
The Prince ſaid next Morning as ſoon as 'twas light
Keep faſt in your Bull, where ſecure you will be,
And when I give three Knocks, *Love*, come unto me.
So every Day many Hours they ſpent
In Pleaſures of *Love*, to their Joy and Content.
He ſaid, I delight to behold thy ſweet Face,
And we will be marry'd, *Love*, in a ſmall Space.
So then he a Ring from his Finger did take,
And ſaid, Charming Jewel, keep this for my ſake:
I muſt take a Progreſs, Dear *Love*, do not Mourn;
If God lets me live, I will quickly return.

PART IV.

SO then to his Mother he went and did ſay,
Let no one go up in my Chamber, I pray;
If I find that any goes up in my Room,
Then Death without Mercy ſhall ſure be their Doom.
The Mother ſaid Son, I will keep all ſecure,
That none nay go up in your Room to be ſure.
He went to his Hunting Match with chearful Mind,
But now you will ſoon a ſad Tragedy find: Three

Three *Ladies* came there, and desir'd to view
Her Son's *Golden Bull*, and did make great adieu.
The old *Lady* thinking no harm there might be,
Admitted them up, this fine *Bull* for to see.

As soon as they came up, and saw this fine Sight,
They said, In this *Bull* he may well take Delight,
The Gold-smith that made it, sure had crafty Skill;
Come let us go down, since our Minds be fulfill'd.

To kick it said one, Full resolved I be;
The rest had a Mind, so they kick'd it all three:
Thinking 'twas the Prince that had gave 3 *knocks there*,
The beautiful *Lady* came forth I declare.

Said they, We have waited to see the best Sight,
For in this base Harlot the Prince takes Delight;
Therefore she shall Die like a Harlot in Grain:
So all three disputed how she might be Slain.

The first said, I think fit to hang her with speed.
The second said, No, we will drown her indeed;
The last of the three, then this Answer return'd,
If I had my Will, she deserves to be burn'd.

The other two said, No, that shall not be done,
For out at the Window a River does run:
They tost her out Headlong, she swimm'd to a tree,
Where she liv'd three Days, and could no Person see.

The Suit of the Clouds this fair *Lady* had on.
A Maid went for Water, but soon back did run:
Her Master said, *What makes your Countenance change?*
Sir, there is a Sight that is wonderful Strange.

The Gentleman run with all speed that might be
Where he saw the *Lady* sit upon the tree:
He went with a Boat, and got her in his Arms,
And was almost ravish'd with her beautious Charms.

The Gentleman to her, these Words did express,
Lady, how came you to be in this Distress?

She told him her Sorrows from first to the laſt,
Saying, now I hope all my ſorrows are paſt.
Fair *Lady*, your ſorrows have not been a few,
The Prince now is ſick, I ſuppoſe its for you.
What, is he come home, Sir, that well pleaſeth me
In few Days his honoured Bride I ſhall be:
Take this Dimond Ring, and go to him I pray,
The Prince well will know it, *Sir*, I dare to ſay.
Then unto his Chamber with ſpeed he did go,
Saying, What is the Cauſe of your languiſhing ſo?
'Tis *Love*, is the Cauſe of my Anguiſh and Pain,
A *Lady* I lov'd, but do fear ſhe is ſlain;
Therefore no Phyſician my life now can ſave,
I'll follow my Jewel with tears to the Grave.
Then he ſhow'd this Dimond Ring ſtrait in his view,
Which made him to cry, *Sir*, who gave that to you?
Dear Prince, the fair *Lady* is at my houſe now:
He ſtarted up ſaying, I am quite well I vow.
So then to his Mother with ſpeed he did go,
Saying, Some has been up in my Chamber I know.
Then ſtraightways *ſhe* gave him a count who they were
The Prince ſent for them all, who came I declare;
And unto the Prince they for Mercy did crave:
He ſaid, What you chus'd, you ſhall all ſurely have;
One hang'd, and one drowned, one burned ſhall be,
So this was the ſorrowful End of theſe three.
The Prince with his Princeſs with joy was ſoon
[crown'd,
The Muſick did play, and the trumpets did ſound.
In triumph wedded, 'twas a joyful Day:
Then, then was the time to waſh ſorrow away.
The next News ſhe heard, her old Father was dead,
And then of that Country a Queen ſhe was made:
The they had both Nations to Rule and Defend,
And ſo let my Tragical Comedy end. FINIS.

BRITISH MUSEUM OC 70